Ray & Twinkle
The Good Night Gnomes

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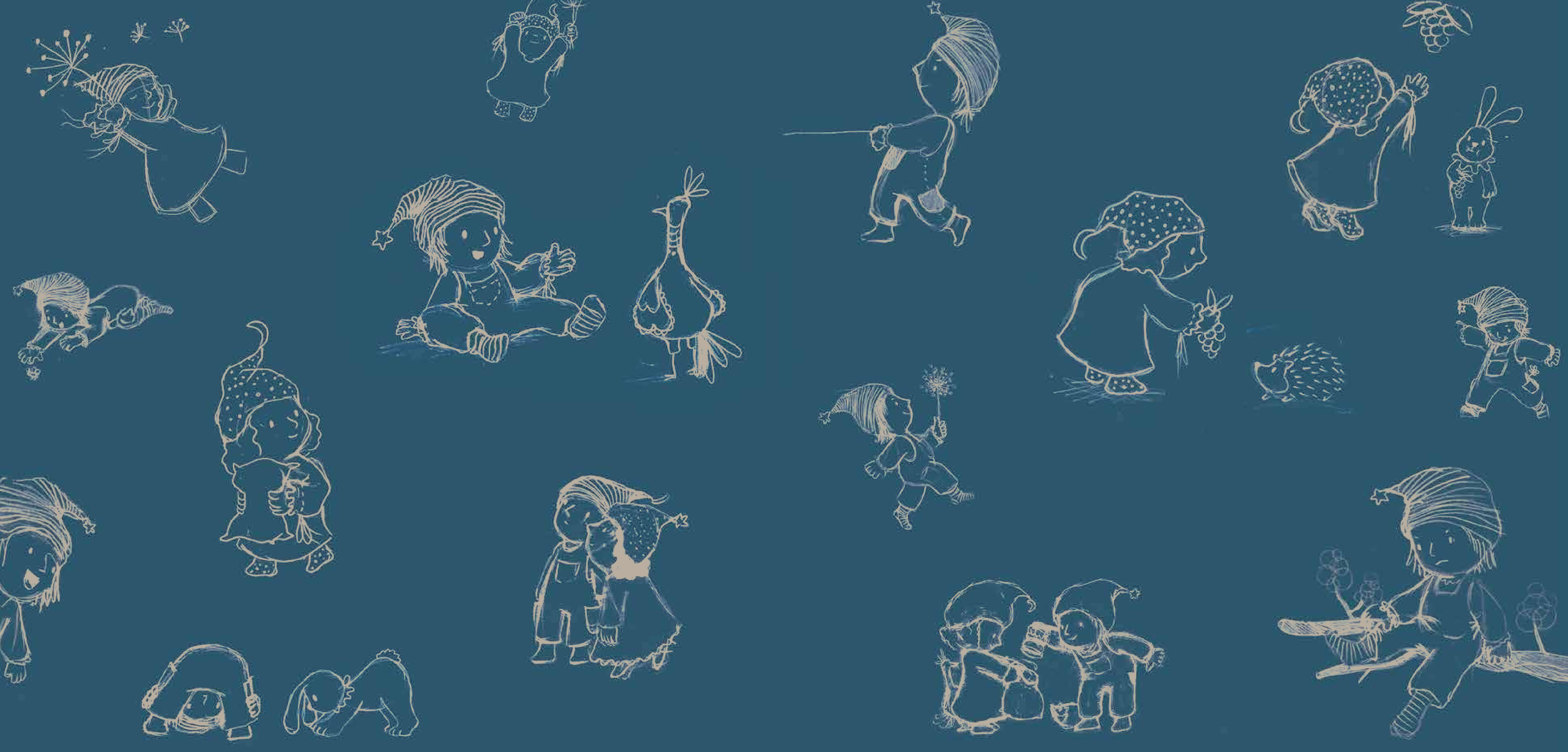

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ספרית פועלים

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Ray & Twinkle
The Good Night Gnomes
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Inside of our bodies live two friendly little
gnomes, Ray and Twinkle.
As the moon rises in the sky, Ray whispers,
"Twinkle! It's time!"
Twinkle replies, "I'm ready!"

He reaches into his pocket. Ah, here's the
torch!
Twinkle directs its light into a fluffy, fuzzy
bag.
The bag is full of golden night sparkles.
The gnomes will soon them sprinkle them
throughout the body –
Woosh…

And so, with a torch in hand and a bag slumped on the shoulder,
Ray and Twinkle set out
to get the body ready for sleep.

Where will these two start?
The feet.
All day long they stood up, stepped around
and jumped up high,
and now they need their rest.

Ray sprinkles night sparkles
starting at the heels and down to the tips
of the toes,

On to the ankles, up along the lower legs.
Tiny sparkles drizzle down on the knees,
Over the thighs,

A woosh… a swoosh…

The legs are loose and heavy
they sink, softly
like the sun behind a sandy shore.

Where will they go from here?
To the buttocks.
They worked all day,
led the legs, supported the back,
now is their time to rest.

Where will they go from here?
To the buttocks.
They worked all day,
led the legs, supported the back,
now is their time to rest.

Ray sprinkles some sparkles,
Twinkle gently puffs.
The sparkles are delicate and soft
like a cuddly blanket.
The buttocks feel heavy,
setting into the mattress ever so softly
as though into a cloud.

The belly awaits.
Big and quiet… an ocean.
The gnomes lay on their backs,
spread their arms out wide
floating on peaceful waves.

With every inhale, they rise up.
With every exhale, they dive down.

The belly is soft and calm
Down,
Down it goes…

Next stop,
Ray and Twinkle move on to the chest.
Breath comes in; breath goes out.

A woosh… a swoosh…
They sprinkle sparkles from the open bag.
Their hair flutters in the wind
and they hover and roll
all the way

To the back.
All day long it carried the body upright.
Ray and Twinkle climb up the spine,
vertebrae by vertebrae,
A woosh… a swoosh…

"Oh… how nice," the back sighs.
"Just like laying down on soft hay."

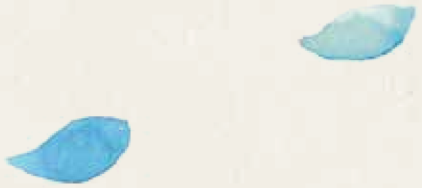
The two move up to the shoulders.
Ray to this shoulder, Twinkle to that.
They rub their little hands together
and gently massage between the shoulder blades.

Then they slide along the arms down to the fingertips.
The hands worked hard all day:
They built, they created, they drew...

Ray and Twinkle sprinkle night sparkles
over the wrists, the elbows, the arms.
The hands feel heavy and loose.

A short climb to the neck from there.
All day long it supported the head, with all of its thoughts,
light thoughts, heavy thoughts.

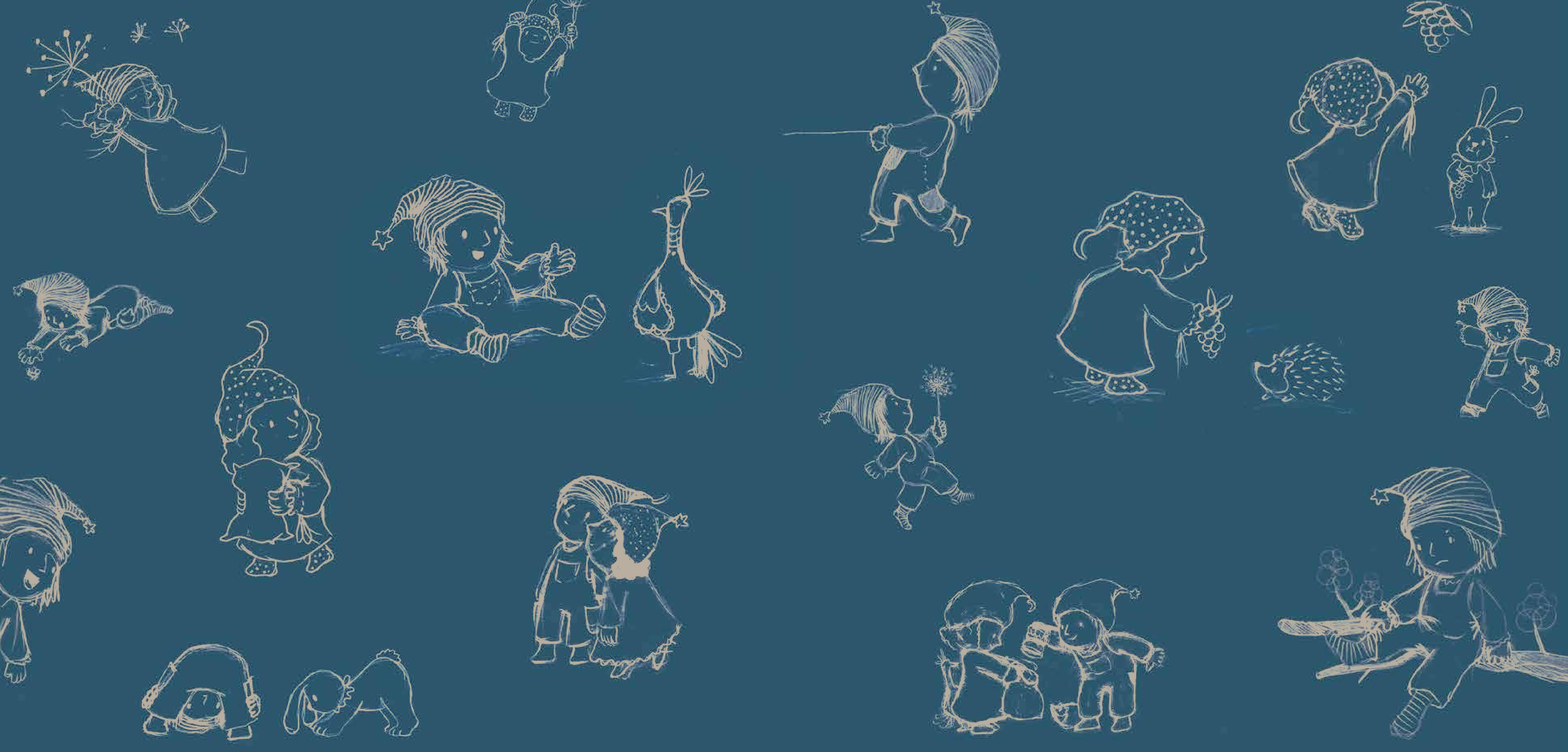
Now they all fade away,
slowly, slowly they dissolve,
making space for dreams to come.



Ray peeks into the bag –
All emptied out.
Twinkle turns off the torch.

The sweet gnomes y a w n
and hop into two hammocks.
Ray lays her head down on the pillow.
Twinkle does too.

The hammocks swing softly,
Back-and-forth
Back-and-forth

The whole body is peaceful,
The whole body is calm
Hush…
Good night Ray,
Good night Twinkle.

Good night.